

THE AMERICAN GLEANER, &c.

CUM UTILI DULCE.

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—————Let us scan  
The coward insults of that tyrant  
man,  
Self-prais'd and grasping at des-  
potic pow'r,  
He looks on slavery as the female  
dow'r;  
To nature's boon ascribes what  
force has giv'n,  
And usurpation deems the gift of  
Heav'n.

ANON.

It has often been a solid grief to me, when I have reflected on this glorious nation, which is the scene of public happiness and liberty, that there are still crowds of private tyrants, against whom there is neither any law in being, nor can there be invented any by the wit of man. These cruel men are ill-natured husbands.

Sylvia was neither in fortune, birth or education below the gentleman she has married. Her person, her age, and her character, are also such as he can make no exception to. But so it is, that from the moment the marriage ceremony was over, the obsequiousness of a lover was turned into the haughtiness of a master. All the kind endearments which she uses to please him, are at best, but so many instances of her duty. This insolence takes away that secret satisfaction, which does not only excite to virtue, but also rewards it, it abates the fire of a free and generous love, and embitters all the pleasures of a social life.

An affliction of this sort is the greatest that can happen in human life; and I know but one consolation in it (if that be a consolation) that the calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing so common as for men to enter into marriage, without so much as expecting to be happy in it. They seem to propose to themselves a few holidays in the beginning of it; after which they are to return at best to the usual course of their life, and, for aught they know, to constant misery and uneasiness. From this false sense of the state they are going into, proceeds the immediate coldness and indifference, or hatred and aversion, which attend ordinary marriages, or rather bargains to cohabit.

The humour of affecting a superior carriage, generally rises from a false notion of the weakness of a female understanding in general, or an over-weening opinion that we have of our own; for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedness and brutality of temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir Francis Bacon, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy, in which the wife has no opinion of her husband's wisdom; but without offence to so great an authority, I may venture to say, that a sullen wise man is as bad as a good-natur'd fool. Knowledge, softened with complacency and good breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but

when joined with a severe, distant and unsociable temper, it creates rather fear than love.

Pliny, one of the greatest as well as the most learned men, was also one of the best husbands in the whole Roman Empire. The following letters were written by him to his wife *Calphurnia*, at a time when she was at a distance from him, and are full of conjugal tenderness.

#### PLINY to CALPHURNIA.

Never was business more uneasy to me, than when it prevented me not only from attending, but following you into Campania. As at all times, so particularly now, I wish to be with you, that I may be a witness what progress you made in the recovery of your strength, and how the tranquility, the amusements, and plenty of that charming country agrees with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for, even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love, is a situation of mind infinitely painful: but at present your sickness conspires with your absence to perplex me with a thousand disquietudes. I fear every thing that can befall you, and, as is usual with all under the same anxious apprehensions, suspect most, what I most dread. Let me conjure you then to prevent my solicitude by writing to me every day, and even twice a day; I shall be more easy, at least whilst I am reading your letters; though all my fears will again return the moment I have perused them. Farewel.

#### Second Letter.

You kindly tell me, my absence very sensibly affects you, and that

your only consolation is in conversing with my works, which you frequently substitute in my place by your side. How agreeable is it to me to know, that you wish for my company, and support yourself under the want of it by these consolations! In return, I entertain myself with reading over your letters again and again, and am continually taking them up, as if I had but just then received them; but alas! they only serve to make me more strongly regret your absence; for, how amiable must her conversation be, whose letters have so many charms! Let me receive them, however as often as possible, notwithstanding there is always some mixture of pain in the pleasure they afford me, as they render me the most sensible of the loss I suffer, by my absence. Farewel.

#### Third Letter.

It is incredible how impatiently I wish for your return: such is the tenderness of my affection for you, and so unaccustomed am I to a separation! I lie awake the greatest part of the night thinking of you, and (to use a very common, but very true expression) my feet carry me of their own accord to your apartment, at those hours I used to visit you; but not finding you there, I return with as much sorrow and disappointment as an excluded lover. The only intermission my anxiety knows, is, when I am engaged at the bar, and in the causes of my friends. Judge then how wretched must *his* life be, who finds no repose but in business; no consolation but in a crowd.

Farewel.

#### TRIBUTE TO PATRIOTISM.

It is with pleasure we announce



to the publick, that the MONUMENT to be erected to the memory of the officers of the navy, who fell during the different attacks made by our squadron on the city of Tripoli, in 1804, has arrived at New-York, in the United States frigate Constitution, and that it will shortly be landed at the navy yard at this place.

The expence of this beautiful piece of Sculpture, which, for grandeur of design, elegance of execution and size, far excels any thing of the kind ever seen on this side of the Atlantick, has been defrayed out of the slender means of the officers of the navy.

We understand that the manager, Capt. David Porter, intends, in behalf of his brother officers, to present it to this city, only reserving to himself the privilege of choosing the spot where it is to stand, and that Mr. Latrobe has generously offered his services in putting it up.

To convey some idea of this Monument, we subjoin a short though imperfect description.

Its base is 16 feet square, and its height 23 feet. It is composed of the purest white Marble of Carrara, with ornaments and inscriptions of gilt bronze. The pedestal is highly ornamented with inscriptions, representative of the actions, trophies of war &c. &c. in bass relief, and supports a rostral column, surmounted by the arms of the United States. Fame standing on one side of the pedestal, with the palm and laurel, crowns and urn, which bears this inscription:

*Hic Decoræ Functorum in bello  
Virorum Cineres.*

History, stated at the base, looking back, recording these events,

Mercury, the genius of Commerce, lamenting the death of his protectors—a female Indian respecting America with two children bearing the fasces explaining to them the events, and 4 large bronze lamps representing the flame of immortality—

On the pedestal appears the following inscriptions in letters of gilt bronze:

Erected to the memory of Captain Richard Somers, Lieutenant James Caldwell, James Decatur, Henry Wadsworth, Joseph Israel, and Midshipman John H. Dorsey, who fell in the different attacks that were made on the city of Tripoli, in the year of our Lord 1804, and in the twenty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States—

A flame of glory inspired them—  
And Fame has crowned their  
deeds,

History records the events—  
the Children of Columbia admire,  
and commerce laments their fall.

As a small tribute of respect to their memory, and admiration of their valour so worthy of imitation, their Brother Officers have erected this Monument.

The Monument has been imported in 51 large cases, and weighs above 15 tons.—The figures are as large as life, and the whole will cost above 3000 dollars, which is to be raised at the following rates of subscription—Commanders 20 dollars; Ward Room Officers 10 dollars, and Officers of the rank of Midshipmen &c. 3 dollars. The subscription, we understand, is nearly completed; and from the known spirit and generosity of our officers, we are confident it will soon be closed.

*Wash. Paper.*

## LETTER

*From Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan, to Asem Hacchem, principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.*

Though I am often disgusted, my good Asem, with the vices and absurdities of the men of this country, yet the women afford me a world of amusement. Their lively prattle is as diverting as the chattering of the red-tailed parrot; nor can the green-headed monkey of Timandi equal them in whim and playfulness. But, notwithstanding these valuable qualifications, I am sorry to observe they are not treated with half the attention bestowed on the before mentioned animals. These infidels put their parrots in cages and chain their monkeys; but their women, instead of being carefully shut up in harems and seraglioes, are abandoned to the direction of their own reason and suffered to run about in perfect freedom, like other domestic animals: this comes, Asem, of treating their women as rational beings, and allowing them souls. The consequence of this pious neglect may be easily imagined—they have degenerated into all their native wildness, are seldom to be caught at home, and at an early age take to the streets and highways, where they rove about in droves, giving almost as much annoyance to the peaceable people, as the troops of wild dogs that infest our great cities, or the flights of locusts, that sometimes spread famine and desolation over whole regions of fertility.

This propensity to relapse into pristine wildness, convinces me of the untameable disposition of the sex, who may indeed be parti-

ally domesticated by a long course of confinement and restraint, but the moment they are restored to personal freedom, become wild as the young partridge of this country, which, though scarcely half hatched, will take to the fields and run about with the shell upon its back.

Notwithstanding their wildness, however, they are remarkably easy of access, and suffer themselves to be approached, at certain hours of the day, without any symptoms of apprehension; and I have even happily succeeded in detecting them at their domestic occupations. One of the most important of these consists in thumping vehemently on a kind of musical instrument, and producing a confused, hideous, and indefinable uproar, which they call the description of a battle—a jest, no doubt, for they are wonderfully facetious at times, and make great practice of passing jokes upon strangers. Sometimes they employ themselves in painting little caricatures of landscapes, wherein they display their singular drollery in bantering nature fairly out of countenance—representing her tricked out in all the tawdry finery of copper skies, purple rivers, calico rocks, red grass, clouds that look like old clothes set adrift by the tempest, and foxy trees, whose melancholy foliage, drooping and curling most fantastically, reminds me of an undressed periwig that I have now and then seen hung on a stick in a barber's window. At other times they employ themselves in acquiring a smattering of languages spoken by nations on the other side of the globe, as they find their own language not sufficiently copious to supply their constant demands, and



express their multifarious ideas. But their most important domestic avocation is to embroider on satin or muslin, flowers of a non-descript kind, in which the great art is to make them as unlike nature as possible—or to fasten little bits of silver, gold, tinsel and glass, on long strips of muslin, which they drag after them with much dignity whenever they go abroad—a fine lady, like a bird of paradise, being estimated by the length of her tail.

But do not, my friend, fall into the enormous error of supposing that the exercise of these arts is attended with any useful or profitable result...believe me, thou couldst not indulge an idea more unjust and injurious; for it appears to be an established maxim among the women of this country that a lady loses her dignity when she condescends to be useful; and forfeits all rank in society the moment she can be convicted of earning a farthing. Their labours, therefore, are directed not towards supplying their household but in decking their persons, not so much to please themselves as to gratify others, particularly strangers. I am confident thou wilt stare at this, my good Asem, accustomed as thou art to our eastern females, who shrink in blushing timidity even from the glances of a lover, and are so chary of their favours that they even seem fearful of lavishing their smiles too profusely on their husbands. Here, on the contrary, the stranger has the first place in female regard, and, so far do they carry their hospitality, that I have seen a fine lady slight a dozen tried friends and real admirers, who lived in her smiles and made her happiness their study, merely to allure the vague and

wandering glances of a stranger, who viewed her person with indifference and treated her advances with contempt—By the whiskers of our sublime Bashaw, but this is highly flattering to a foreigner! and thou mayest judge how particularly pleasing to one who is, like myself so ardent an admirer of the sex. Far be it from me to condemn this extraordinary manifestation of good will—let their own countrymen look to that.

Be not alarmed, I conjure thee, my dear Asem, lest I should be tempted by these beautiful barbarians to break the faith I owe to the three-and-twenty wives from whom my unhappy destiny has perhaps severed me forever—no, Asem; neither time nor the bitter succession of misfortunes that pursues me, can shake from my heart the memory of former attachments. I listen with tranquil heart to the strumming and prattling of these fair syrens—their whimsical paintings touch not the tender chord of my affections; and I would still defy their fascinations, though they trailed after them trains as long as the gorgeous trappings which are dragged at the heels of the holy camel of Mecca: or as the tail of the great beast in our prophet's vision, which measured three hundred & forty-nine leagues, two miles, three furlongs, and a hand's breadth in longitude.

The dress of these women is, if possible, more eccentric and whimsical than their deportment, and they take an inordinate pride in certain ornaments which are probably derived from their savage progenitors.—A woman of this country, dressed out for an exhibition, is loaded with as many ornaments as a Circassian slave when

brought out for sale. Their heads are tricked out with little bits of horn or shell, cut into fantastic shapes, and they seem to emulate each other in the number of these singular baubles—like the women we have seen in our journeys to Aleppo, who cover their heads with the entire shell of a tortoise, and thus equipped are the envy of all their less fortunate acquaintances. They also decorate their necks and ears with coral, gold chains, and glass beads, and load their fingers with a variety of rings; though I must confess, I have never perceived that they wear any in their noses—as has been affirmed by many travellers. We have heard much of their painting themselves most hideously, and making use of bear's-grease in great profusion; but this I solemnly assure thee, is a misrepresentation; civilization, no doubt, having gradually extirpated these nauseous practices. It is true, I have seen two or three of these females, who had disguised their features with paint; but then it was merely to give a tinge of red to their cheeks, and did not look very frightful—and as to ointment, they rarely use any now, except occasionally a little grecian oil for their hair, which gives it a glossy, greasy, and [as they think] very comely appearance. The last mentioned class of females, I take it for granted, have been but lately caught and still retain strong traits of their original savage propensities.

The most flagrant and inexcusable fault however, which I find in these lovely savages, is the shameless and abandoned exposure of their persons. Wilt thou not suspect me of exaggeration when I affirm,

wilt thou not blush for them most discreet mussulman, when I declare to thee, that they are so lost to all sense of modesty as to expose the whole of their faces from the forehead to the chin, and that they even go abroad with their hands uncovered!—Monstrous indelicacy!

But what I am going to disclose, will doubtless appear to thee still more incredible. Though I cannot forbear paying a tribute of admiration to the beautiful faces of these fair infidels, yet I must give it as my opinion that their persons are preposterously unseemly. In vain did I look around me on my first landing, for those divine forms of redundant proportions which answer to the true standard of eastern beauty—not a single fat fair one could I behold among the multitudes that thronged the streets; the females that passed in review before me, tripping sportively along, resembled a procession of shadows, returning to their graves at the crowing of the cock.

This meagreness I at first ascribed to their excessive volubility; for I have somewhere seen it advanced by a learned doctor, that the sex were endowed with a peculiar activity of tongue, in order that they might practise talking as a healthful exercise, necessary to their confined and sedentary mode of life. This exercise, it was natural to suppose, would be carried to great excess in a logocracy—“Too true” thought I “they have converted, what was undoubtedly meant as a beneficent gift, into a noxious habit that steals the flesh from their bones and the roses from their cheeks—they absolutely talk themselves thin!”—judge then of my surprise when I was



assured not long since, that this meagreness was considered the perfection of personal beauty, and that many a lady starved herself, with all the obstinate perseverance of a pious dervise—into a fine figure!—"Nay more," said my informer, "they will often sacrifice their healths in this eager pursuit of skeleton beauty, and drink vinegar, eat pickles and smoke tobacco to keep themselves within the scanty outlines of the fashion."—Faugh! Allagh preserve me from such beauties, who contaminate their pure blood with noxious recipes; who impiously sacrifice the best gift of heaven, to a preposterous and mistaken vanity.—'Ere long I shall not be surprised to see them scarring their faces like the negroes of Congo, flattening their noses in imitation of the Hottentots, or like the barbarians of Abal Timar, distorting their lips and ears out of all natural dimensions. Since I received this information I cannot contemplate a fine figure, without thinking of a vinegar cruet; nor look at a dashing belle, without fancying her a pot of pickled cucumbers! What a difference, my friend, between these shades, and the plump beauties of Tripoli—what a contrast between an infidel fair one and my favourite wife, Fatima, whom I bought by the hundred weight, and had trundled home in a wheel-barrow!

But enough for the present; I am promised a faithful account of the arcana of a lady's toilet—a complete initiation into the arts, mysteries, spells and potions, in short the whole chemical process by which she reduces herself down to the most fashionable standard of insignificance; together with specimens of the strait waistcoats, the

lacings, the bandages and the various ingenious instruments with which she puts nature to the rack, and tortures herself into a proper figure to be admired.

Farewel, thou sweetest of slave drivers! the echoes that repeat to a lover's ear the song of his mistress, are not more soothing than tidings from those we love. Let thy answers to my letters be speedy; and never, I pray thee, for a moment cease to watch over the prosperity of my house, and the welfare of my beloved wives. Let them want for nothing, my friend; but feed them plentifully on honey, boiled rice and water gruel, so that when I return to the blessed land of my fathers [if that can ever be!] I may find them improved in size and loveliness, and sleek as the graceful elephants that range the green valley of Abimar.

Ever thine,  
MUSTAPHA.

[*Salmagundi.*]

#### ~~~~~ E P I T A P H.

*On FREDERICK the second, late  
king of Prussia.*

[FROM THE FRENCH]

HERE rests a King—his mortal journey done—  
Through life a tyrant to his fellow man:  
Who bloody wreathes in bloody battles won,  
Nature's worst savage since the world began.

Millions were doom'd beneath his sword to die:  
No, art, no care his blasting breath could shun—  
Did he ONE MAN, for all this waste, supply?—

No!—tell the world, HE NEVER  
GAVE IT ONE!\*

\* Alluding to his having never married; and being not even the reputed father of a child.

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

EUSEBIUS, No. IV.

Having proved the absurdity of Atheism, and demonstrated "*from the things that are seen,*" the infinite power and wisdom of an invisible God:

I am now to prove, *that a Divine revelation alone, can furnish a full and satisfactory proof of his being and attributes.*

That human reason unassisted by revelation, cannot furnish any *satisfactory proof* of the being and attributes of God, may well be inferred from the many fruitless attempts of the wisest philosophers both ancient and modern, to give their followers *such proof*; and from the absolute denial, of some of them,† (from Epicurus, to many French philosophers of the present day,) of the existence of any such being.

But if a few philosophers in every age, could have demonstrated the being of a God and some of his attributes to the few of their followers, who were capable of comprehending the close reasoning and long train of arguments necessary in such a demonstration; the great body of the people, and bulk of mankind, could never be influenced by such reasoning, and would indulge their own absurd opinions, believing that the Sun, the Moon and the stars were Gods, and pro-

† See Cicero de Natura Deorum

per objects of their worship, and what is a greater evil, would think that those Gods having never given them any instructions or rules of life, or any information respecting their Gods, or themselves, they were like the beasts of the field left to act according to every impulse of nature, and every depraved wish of their hearts; and might select from them that example which best accorded with their propensities. Some might take the goat, others swine as their exemplars, and a few might imitate the conjugal fidelity and attachment of the Gander, I say a few, because this remarkable trait in its character seems to have exposed it to ridicule, and has attached the name of Goose to an uxorious husband, and every stupid man—The Bee, and the Ant would be imitated by some prudent men; but from what we have seen of mankind, many more would prefer the example of the Lion, the Wolf or the Fox, the Vulture and the Hawk, in pursuit of the means of subsistence. All history shews that Philosophers could prove nothing satisfactory respecting God, and that statesmen always found it necessary to influence the people by religious impressions. The superintending Providence of one, or many Gods was taught, the terrors of future punishments for certain crimes was held over the people, a fiery river, [phlegethon] in which they were to be burned and purified from their sins was long the belief of the Greeks and Romans; and as long as believed, that is till the Philosophy of Epicurus rooted it out, bound them to be just and true to one another, and to observe their oaths with a religious attention.



But their ideas of the Gods were such as left little room for any real respect for them. Their examples were calculated to produce immorality, and to render vice fashionable, as not merely borrowed from an earthly court, but from the celestial palaces, the courts of Heaven! ! Let any one consider the character of Jupiter, and then let him say, whether if he was the only God men could imagine, or propose for the worship of mankind, it was not a proof that a revelation from God himself of his being and attributes was necessary. And there ought to be no doubt, that God did make himself known, as far as was necessary to our first parents; and that by tradition, till corrupted, a sufficient knowledge of God was retained in the world—that when it was obliterated, and with its obliteration, and consequent wickedness of mankind, the whole race of them except the believing few, were destroyed, a sufficient knowledge of him was handed down by Noah and his posterity. Had it not pleased God to make himself in part known to some of those persons amongst the first inhabitants of the earth, who were best disposed to receive, and to make a proper use of what he revealed, we may well suppose from the little known of him at the time of the flood, and the monstrous crimes with which the world was deluged, that no trace of a knowledge of him would have been found even in a single family: and that had not the flood, and Noah's and his son's account of that tremendous chastisement of the sins of mankind, and their tradition respecting the Being, Power, and Providence of God, kept alive a knowledge of God, all traces of it

would have been lost upon earth. And indeed, we may see clearly that the wonderful manifestations of the being and power of God displayed in Egypt by Moses, and we may say that the cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night, which directed the march of the Israelites and the miracles performed in the wilderness, seemed necessary to keep alive a belief in God, even in the breast of Israelites, the only people on earth, who had any knowledge of such a being. Notwithstanding they had been so well instructed by Moses respecting him.

When we consider that the strongest efforts of human reason, fail in the enquiry, and recollect that a belief in God, his Providence, and a future state of rewards and punishments, is absolutely necessary for the happiness of society, and the support of truth, justice, and order amongst men, having once acknowledged that there must be a first cause, and having seen that its effects are wonderful, and infinite, may we not with propriety confess, that if that being is benevolent, and regards his creature man, he ought to be supposed unwilling to leave him ignorant of what is essential to his happiness? but God is benevolent to all his creatures, and has displayed undoubted proofs that man is a peculiar object of his care; he cannot, therefore, have left him ignorant of what is so essentially necessary to his happiness. And we accordingly find that in every age of the world till the preaching of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Patriarchs, Moses, and the prophets sufficiently instructed mankind, and that their doctrines were propagated widely by the ten tribes when car-

ried away by Salmanezar into Assyria and dispersed almost over all Asia, and afterwards were conveyed to the Medes and Persians by the tribes carryed from Jerusalem to Babylon; and were long before taught to the Egyptians by the Israelites from Joseph to the time of Moses.

Indeed God appears to have made himself sufficiently known to mankind, by the enlightened men he raised up amongst them, such as Pythagoras and Socrates. I say sufficiently known, for it was sufficient if they were assured of his *Being*, power, justice and omnipresence. The human mind was not yet ripe for, or capable of receiving the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, and the resurrection of the body; and therefore, temporal rewards and punishments were all that they were taught to look for. And they were indulged in temporal pleasures and gratifications, which would not be suited to them when further enlightened and prepared for intellectual enjoyments, and capable of believing in, and expecting to enjoy spiritual pleasures amongst the angelic order of Beings. Our first parents were like children, restrained only from what would injure or destroy them--after the flood a further restraint was laid on their descendants, and when the Israelites were on their journey from Egypt under the immediate guidance of God, still further restraints were laid upon them, and laws delivered to them, pronounced in thunders, and in an awful manner: well suited to the importance and excellence of those divine laws. The Goodness and indulgence of God to mankind in thus bearing with their ignorance

and frailty, is worthy of our gratitude. If it be asked why were we not made more perfect and enlightened at first! I answer, that it pleased God to make us free agents; to give us a full scope for indulgence of our natural desires, as long as compatible with our happiness; and at the same time to leave open the door for "*his mercy long suffering and great goodness.*" And indeed it may be said that had mankind a more perfect knowledge of God, and his Angels, and of themselves, that they would be unfit for the purposes of human life, and would not wish to remain in this world a single day. Our blessed saviour has taught us enough at length; but it would be enough, to rob us of all earthly enjoyment, were it not, that his example, and precepts have taught us to enjoy the good things of this world in such a manner and with such dispositions as will ensure us a greater enjoyment in Heaven. Till his divine example was set us, and his doctrine respecting God taught, we neither knew ourselves nor our Creator, nor could we know *him*, but by this, or some other divine revelation. And as Christ displayed openly the power of God by many miracles and demonstrated the truth of this doctrine of the resurrection of the dead by his own resurrection, and by raising the dead; and taught, that God is a spirit and is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, he has taught all that can be known or ought to be desired by mankind to be known of him. Whoever hath seen or believed in Christ, hath seen and believed in God, for "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father also" said Christ.--The miracles



which he wrought shewed the power of God; his benevolence shewed infinite goodness, and his praying for his crucifiers whilst he was dying on the cross, displayed a God of infinite mercy! Let no one deny these circumstances, for they could not possibly be tales invented by his disciples, since no man then living could possibly have conceived even God himself capable of such godlike goodness and mercy; in what other manner could omniscience itself make God known to men, so as to be intelligible to them, and produce the proper, and not too great an effect on their minds? We see in him "a perfect man, and perfect God," such an one as all men of the plainest understanding can believe in, love and adore. Such an one as we need not search for through long trains of metaphysical subtleties but may see plainly displayed to our view in the gospel: the truth of which rests upon such testimony as no candid person of common sense can doubt, and it contains such doctrines so essentially necessary to the happiness of mankind, and so wonderfully adapted to the ends for which they were intended, that God alone could possibly have framed them. Could sin be so strongly represented as mischievous to men & odious in the sight of God, as by teaching that the sacrifice of Christ was necessary to atone for the sins of the World? And could the wit of man contrive any better plan to induce an ardent love of Christ, than that which represents him as laying down his life for our sins, and whilst dying for us on the cross praying to God to forgive even those who had crucified and cruelly insulted him? It is idle to

say this is false, for no mortal could have conceived and propagated such a tale!

It is true, and was believed in defiance of every human effort to suppress its propagation, and to represent it as absurd and incredible, and has had, and will have the blessed effect intended. It has afforded consolation to millions and will continue to afford it to the end of the world,

#### EUSEBIUS.

The following sensible observations are from the pen of a lady, who may justly be considered an able vindicator of her sex.

Chesterfield in his letters to his son, among a multitude of detracting observations says, "that women are only children of a larger growth, they have an entertaining prattle, and sometimes wit: but for solid reasoning and good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it." This writer has been exalted as a standard of politeness, but he little deserves this dignity by his treatment of our sex. If he really found us to be such as he describes, I lament how unhappy he must have been in his female connexions, and although he has applied these assertions to the whole sex, no reasonable man can listen to them as a general proposition. If we view objects with an impartial eye, I must confess there is generally too much said either in the praise or disparagement of women. Truth ought not to soar in panegyric, nor descend to invective....but the man who is a slave to beauty, considers them as queens to the universe, the master-piece of nature; while the ill-natured and morose man looks upon them as so many Pandaras, to whom he

imputes all the evils that afflict mankind. If we look up to them as competent judges, we must choose those whose passions are tempered with reason, and they must agree, that we are endowed with the most happy qualities, which with proper cultivation might be rendered highly estimable, but which are generally too fatally perverted. We are formed with quicker faculties than men, and we appear on the stage of life at a much earlier period.....Surrounded in our tender years by a croud of flatterers, who alone attentive to cherish the childish vanity, of which they make their own advantage, use all their endeavours to divert our minds from serious reflection. Our vivacity being thus continually fed with insincere nonsense, it is surprising that sprightly girls should become frivolous and vain ?....To reform us, we must correct the men. While they upbraid us with our faults, why do they not look to themselves as the origin of those imperfections they so much condemn ? Men address women in a style that too often seduces them into a belief, that they are created merely to have their pretty persons admired ; but women should reflect how much they degrade themselves by aspiring to no higher or no more durable excellencies than the fragile bloom of youthful beauty, how much more is required to secure an attachment when the charms which first have captivated have vanished.—When women unite with solid understanding and an honest heart, a graceful person—when they elevate their minds to laudable pursuits, then they indeed become the ornament, the boast of society—they unfold in man the desire to improve in every

virtue. Men would be less perfect and less happy without female society. The man who is insensible to the attractions of woman, is seldom a generous friend to human nature.

### THE DISH of TEA.

LET some in grog place their  
delight,  
O'er bottled porter waste the night,  
Or sip the rosy wine :  
A dish of TEA more pleases me,  
Yields softer joys, provokes less  
noise,  
And breeds no base design.

From China's groves, the present  
brought,  
Enlivens every power of thought,  
Riggs many a ship for sea :  
Old maids it warms, young wi-  
dows charms ;  
And ladies' men, not one in ten  
But courts them for their TEA.

When throbbing pains assail my  
head,  
And dullness o'er my brain is  
spread,  
[The muse no longer kind.]  
A single sip dispels the hyp :  
To chase the gloom fresh spirits  
come,  
The flood-tide of the mind.

When worn with toil, or vexed with  
care,  
Let Susan but this draught pre-  
pare  
And I forget my pain.  
This magic bowl revives the soul ;  
With gentlest sway, bids care be  
gay ;  
Nor mounts, to cloud the brain.

If learned men the truth would  
speak  
They prize it far beyond their  
GREEK,



More fond attention pay;  
 No HEBREW root so well can suit;  
 More quickly taught, less dearly  
   bought,  
 And studied twice a day.

This leaf, from distant regions  
   sprung,  
 Puts life into the female tongue,  
   And aids the cause of love.  
 Such power has TEA o'er bound  
   and free;  
 Which priests admire, delights the  
   'squire,  
 And Galen's sons approve.

#### TO MISFORTUNE.

DIRE Goddess of the haggard  
   brow,  
 Misfortune! at thy shrine I bow  
 Where forms uncouth pourtray  
   thee still,  
 A leaky ship, a doctor's bill:

A poem damn'd, a beggar's prayer,  
 The critic's growl, the pedant's  
   sneer,  
 The urgent dun, the law severe,  
 A smoky house, rejected love,  
 And friends that all but friendly  
   prove.

Foe to the pride of scheming  
   man  
 Whose frown controuls the wisest  
   plan,  
 To your decree we still submit  
 Our views of gain, our works of  
   wit.

Intaught by you the feeble mind  
 A dull repose, indeed might find:  
 But life, unvext by such controul,  
 Can breed no vigor in the soul.

he calm that smooths the sum-  
   mer seas  
 Lay suit the man of sloth and ease:

But skies that fret and storms that  
   rave  
 Are the best schools to make us  
   brave;  
 On *Heckla's* heights we hope to see  
 The blooming grove, the orange  
   tree

Awhile on hope may fondly lean  
 'Till sad experience blots the scene,

If nature acts on Reason's plan,  
 And Reason be the guide of man;  
 Why should he paint fine prospects  
   there,  
 Then sigh, to find them disappear?

For ruin'd states or trade perplext  
 'Tis almost folly to be vext:  
 The world at last will have its  
   way  
 And we its torrent must obey.

On other shores a happier guest  
 The mind must fix her heaven of  
   rest,  
 Where better men and better  
   climes  
 Shall soothe the cares of future  
   times.

#### E P I S T L E

TO A

*Student of Dead Languages.*

I pity him, who, at no small ex-  
   pense,  
 Has studied sound instead of sense,  
 He, proud some antique gibberish  
   to attain;  
 Of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin,  
   vain,  
 Devours the husk, and leaves the  
   grain.

In *his own language* Homer writ  
   and read,  
 Not spent his life in poring on the  
   dead:  
 Why then your native language  
   not pursue

In which all ancient sense [that's  
worth review]  
Glow in translation fresh and  
new?

He better plans, who *things* not  
*words* attends,  
And turns his studious hour to  
active ends;  
Who *art* through every secret  
maze explores,  
Invents, contrives—and Nature's  
hidden stores  
From mirrors, to their object  
true,  
Presents to man's obstructed view,  
That dimly meets the light, and  
faintly soar:

His strong capacious mind  
By fetters unconfin'd  
Of Latin lore and heathen Greek,  
Takes science in its way,  
Pursues the kindling ray  
'Till Reason's morn shall on him  
break!

—  
*St. CATHARINE'S\**

He that would wish to rove awhile  
In forests green and gay,  
From Charleston bar to Catharine's  
isle  
Might sigh to find the way!  
What scenes on every side appear,  
What pleasure strikes the mind,  
From Folly's train, thus wander-  
ing far,  
To leave the world behind.

The music of these savage groves  
In simple accents swells,  
And freely, here, their sylvan  
loves  
The feather'd nation tells;  
The panting deer through mingled  
shades

—  
\*An island on the sea-coast of  
Georgia.

Of oaks forever green  
The vegetable world invades,  
The skirts the watry scene.

Thou sailor, now exploring far  
The broad Atlantic wave,  
Crowd all your canvas, gallant tar,  
Since Neptune never gave,  
On barren seas so fine a view,  
As here allures the eye,  
Gay, verdant scenes that Nature  
drew  
In colours from the sky,

Ye western winds! awhile delay  
To swell the expecting sail—  
Who would not here, a hermit stay  
In yonder fragrant vale,  
Could he engage what few can find,  
That coy, unwilling guest  
(All avarice banish from the mind)  
CONTENTMENT, in the breast!

—  
TO CYNTHIA.

The hermit's wish—a cell be mine,  
In sylvan shades to find repose;  
To please the eye—that task be  
thine;  
And hourly kill a thousand beaux,  
Whose easy charms so like your  
own,  
With jealousy you gaze upon.

You ask'd me, *Cynthia* how I  
came  
To shun the wild tempestuous  
deep,  
And disappointing Neptune's aim  
On his cold bosom shun long  
sleep?—  
'Twas chance, 'twas luck—I scarce  
can tell  
What genius play'd my cards so  
well.

Yes! Neptune frown'd—so heaven  
decreed—  
Yet life might be preserv'd at least,



Since cruel must he be, indeed,  
 Who robs a church, and kills the  
     priest :  
 Then, Cynthia, now some pity  
     shew,  
*Nor be the seas more kind than you.*

---

*On a fine Library.*

---

With eyes of wonder, the gay  
     shelves behold :  
 Poets, all rags alive, now clad in  
     gold.  
 In life and death, one common  
     fate they share,  
 And on their backs still all their  
     riches wear.

---

E P I S T L E

*To a gay Young Lady that was  
 married to a doating old Dea-  
 con.*

THUS Winter joins to April's  
     bloom,  
 Thus daisies blush beside a tomb,

Thus, fields of ice o'er rivers  
     grow,  
 While melting streams are found  
     below.

How strange a taste is here dis-  
     play'd—  
 Yourself all light, and he all shade !  
 Each hour you live you look more  
     gay,  
 While he grows uglier every day ?

Intent upon *celestial* things,  
 He only *Watts* or *Sternhold* sings ;  
 You tune your chord to different  
     strains,  
 And merrier tones attract the  
     swains.

Ah Harriot ! why in beauty's  
     prime  
 Thus look for flowers in Green-  
     land's clime ;  
 When twenty years are scarce'y  
     run  
 Thus hope for Spring without a  
     Sun !

---

*The following Lines have little merit to originality, but are very  
 appropriate to the present crisis.*

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

WHEN God from chaos gave this world to be,  
 Man then he form'd, & form'd him to be free,  
 In his own image stamp't the favourite race—  
 How dar'st thou, Tyrants, the fair stamp deface !  
 When on mankind you fix your abject chains,  
 No more the image of that God remains :  
 O'er a dark scene a darker shade is drawn,  
 His work dishonour'd, and our glory gone !

From Europe's realms fair freedom has retir'd  
 And even in Britain has the spark expir'd—  
 Mark well the change that haughty empire feels,  
 Sigh for her doom that no disguise conceals !

Freedom no more shall *Albion's* cliff survey ;  
 Corruption there has centred all her sway,  
 Freedom disdains her honest head to rear,  
 Or herd with nobles, kings, or princes there ;  
 She shuns their gilded spires, and domes of state,  
 Resolv'd, O Virtue, at thy shrine to wait ;  
 'Midst savage woods and wilds she dares to stray,  
 And bids uncultur'd nature bloom more gay.  
 She is that glorious and immortal sun,  
 Without whose ray this world would be undone,  
 A mere dull chaos, sunk in deepest night,  
 An abject something, void of form and light.

O'er Britain's isle a thousand woes impend,  
 Too weak to conquer, govern, or defend,  
 To liberty she holds pretended claim—  
 The substance we enjoy, and they the name ;  
 Her prince, surrounded by a host of slaves,  
 Still claims dominion o'er the vagrant waves ;  
 Such be his claims o'er all the world beside,—  
 An empty nothing—madness, rage, and pride.

No mines of gold our fertile country yields,  
 But mighty harvests crown the loaded fields,  
 Hence, trading far, we gain'd the golden prize,  
 Which, though our own, bewitched Britons' eyes—  
 For that they ravag'd India's climes before,  
 And carried death to Asia's utmost shore—  
*Clive* was their envied slave, in avarice bold  
 He mow'd down nations for his dearer gold ;  
 The fatal gold could give no true content,  
 He mourn'd his murders, and to *Tophet* went.

Americans ! revenge your country's wrongs ;  
 To you the honour of this deed belongs,  
 Your mighty wrongs the tragic muse shall trace,  
 Your gallant deeds shall fire a future race ;  
 To you shall kings and potentates appeal,  
 You shall the doom of jarring nations seal ;  
 A glorious empire, rises bright and new !  
 Firm be its basis, and must rest on you—  
 Fame o'er the mighty *pile* expands her wings,  
*Remote* from princes, bishops, lords, and kings,  
 Those fancied Gods, who, fam'd through every shore,  
 Mankind have fashion'd, and, like fools, adore.—  
 Here yet shall heaven the joys of peace bestow,  
 While through our soil the streams of plenty flow,  
 And o'er the main we spread the trading sail,  
 Waiting the produce of the rural vale.



